

A  
MUSICALL  
DREAME.

---

OR THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF  
AYRES,

The First part is for the Lute, two Voyces, and the Viole de Gambo; The  
Second part is for the Lute, the Viole and foure Voices to Sing: The Third part  
is for one Voyce alone, or to the Lute, the Basse Viole, or to both if you please,  
*Whereof, two are Italian Ayres.*

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

*Quæ profunt singula, multa iuuant.*



LONDON

Imprinted by JOHN WINDET, and are to be solde by SIMON WATERSON, in Powles  
Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne. 1609.

LIBRARY

# ENDING

OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF

[illegible]





# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL AND WOR-

thy Gentleman, Sir JOHN LEVINTHORPE Knight  
*perpetuall Happinesse and Content.*



**I**T is not vnknowne vnto your wel deseruing selfe, Right VVorshipfull, that not long since I tooke my *Ultimum vale*, with a resoluing in my selfe, neuer to publish any workes of the same Nature and Fashion, whereupon I betooke me to the ease of my Pillow, where *Somnus* hauing taken possession of my eyes, and *Morpheus* the charge of my senses; it happened mee to fall into a Musical dreame, wherein I chanced to haue many opinions and extrauagant humors of diuers Natures and Conditions, some of modest mirth, some of amorous Loue, and some of most diuine contemplation; all these I hope, shall not giue any distaste to the eares, or dislike to the mind, eyther in their words, or in their seuerall sounds, although it is not necessarie to relate or diuulge all Dreames or Phantasies that Opinion begets in sleepe, or happeneth to the mindes apparition. And continuing long in this my dreaming slumber, I began to awake, and vpon my eyes vnclosing, I bethought my selfe, being fullawaked, aduising in my mind, whome to elect and chuse as a Patrone for the same, I was easily inuited to make choice of your VVorship, as one to whome I necessarily ought both loue and duety, And howsoeuer I might feare that you wil not acknowledge it, yet in that Nature hath enriched you with more then ordinarie knowledge in this Art, beeing a witnes of that Loue which you haue alwayes afforded to Musicke, I emboldened my selfe the rather to present it vnto you.

Accept it then (good Sir) as a Token of vnfeined Loue, and a debt  
worthily due vnto you for your many fauours done  
to him that is

*At your Worships commaund.*

# MARY DUMFRIES

---

OR THE FOUNTAIN BOOK OF

THE FOUNTAIN BOOK OF  
MARY DUMFRIES  
THE FOUNTAIN BOOK OF  
MARY DUMFRIES



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*At your Worships commaund.*



# To all Muscally Murmurers,

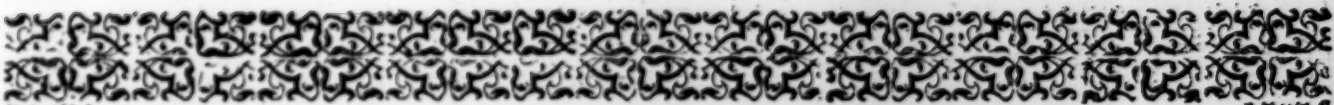

This Greeting.

**T**Hou, whose eare itches with the varietie of opinion, hearing thine owne sound, as the Ecchoe reuerberating others substance, and vnprofitable in it selfe, shewes to the World comfortable noise, though to thy owne use little pleasure, by reason of vncharitable censure. I speake to thee muscally Momus, thou from whose nicetie, numbers as easily passe, as drops fall in the shoure, but with lesse profite. I compare thee to the hie way dust that flies into mens eyes, and will not thence without much trouble, for thou in thy dispersed iudgement, not onely art offensive to seeing knowledge, but most faulty, false to deserving industry, picking moates out of the most pure Bisse, and smoothing the plainest veluet, when onely thine owne opinion is more wrinkled and more vitious in it selfe, then grosser soyle, so that as a brush infected with filth, thou rather soylest then makest perfect any way. I haue stood at thine elbow, and heard thee prophane euen Musicks best Note, and with thy vtunde relish Sol Fade most ignobly. I am assured, and I care not greatly, that thou wilt lay to my charge, my whilome vow, Neuer againe, because I promised as much: but vnderstand me thou vnskilfull descant, deriue from that Note of Plaine Song charitable numbers, and thou shalt find harsh voices are often a Note above Elā reduced by truer iudgement, which I bereaue thee of, knowing thy Rules, are as our new come Lutes, being of many stringes, not easily used, vnlesse in aduenture, till practise put forward into deserving Diuision. This my aduenture is no deed but a dreame, and what are dreames, but airie possessions, and seuerall ayres, breathing harmonious whisperings, though to thee discord, yet to others indifferent, I will not say excellent, because it is anothers office not mine, but let them be as they are, others profite and my paines, set forth for pleasure, not for purposed poyson to infect imagination, no, but as a shoure falling in a needfull season, so I flatter my selfe at least, and will say so euer by any other, whose labour shall vplift Muscally meditation, the onely wing of true courage, being the most pleasing voice of man, whose sweetenes reacheth vnto beauen it selfe. It is hard if at this paines reape not good commendations, and it is water wrung out of a Flint in thee, such thou neuer thinkest well of any, and wert in thy selfe so vnskilfull euer, as thy Tutor from the first howre could neuer make thee sing in Tune; be as thou art a lumpe of deformity without fashion, bredde in the bowels of disdain, and brought forth by bewitched Megæra, the fatall Widwife to all true merite.

Giue me leaue to depart, or if not, without it I am gone, carelesse of thy censuring, and fully perswaded thou canst not thinke well, and therefore art curst in thy Cradle, neuer to be but cruell, and being borne with teeth in thy head, bitst eueryone harmeles in this or what else honest industry, makes thy eare gossip too.

Farewell if thou wilt in kindnesse, or hold thy selfe from further carping.



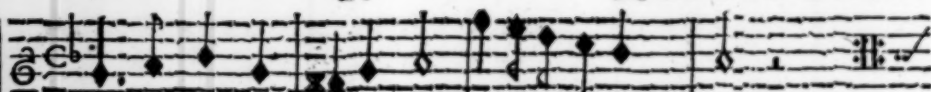
# A TABLE CON- taining all the Songes in *this Booke.*

<b>T</b> Hough your strangenes frets my heart,	1
Sweet Kate of late ranne away,	2
Once did I serue a cruell heart	3
Will said to his Mammy, that he would goe woe	4
Harke, harke, wot you what	5
My complayning is but faining	6
On a time in summers season,	7
Farewel sond youth, if thou hadst not beene blind	8
How should I shew my loue vnto my loue	9
O he is gone and I am here	10
And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine	11
She hath an eye, aye me,	12
I know not what, yet that I feele is much,	13
Griefe of my best loues absenting	14
If in this flesh where thou indrencht dost lie,	15
O thred of life when thou art spent	16
When I sit reading all alone.	17
Faine would I speake, but feare to giue offence	18
In Sherwood liude stout Robin Hood,	19
<i>Ite Caldi sospiri,</i>	20
<i>Samor non è che dunque.</i>	21

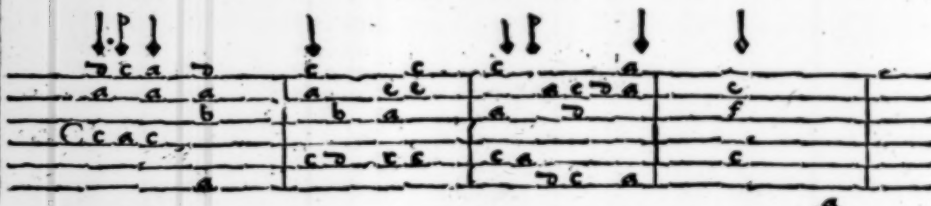
## CANTVS.

I.

ROBERT IONES



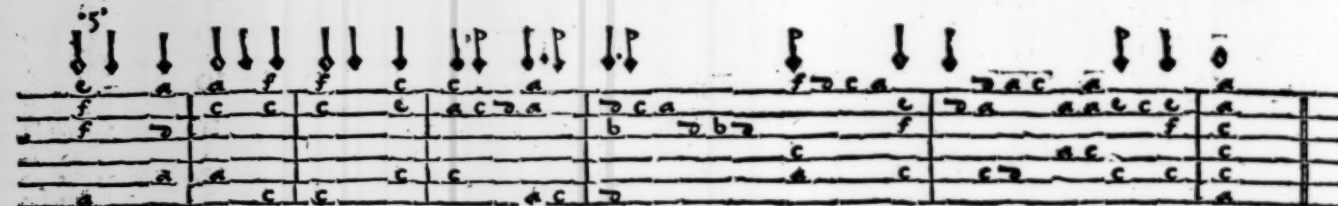
Hough your strangenes frets my heart, yet must I not com plaine,  
 You perswade me tis but Art which secret loue must faine,



If another you af fect, tis, but a toy to a noide suspect, Is this faire excusing,



O no O no ii. iii. O no no no no no all is abu sing.

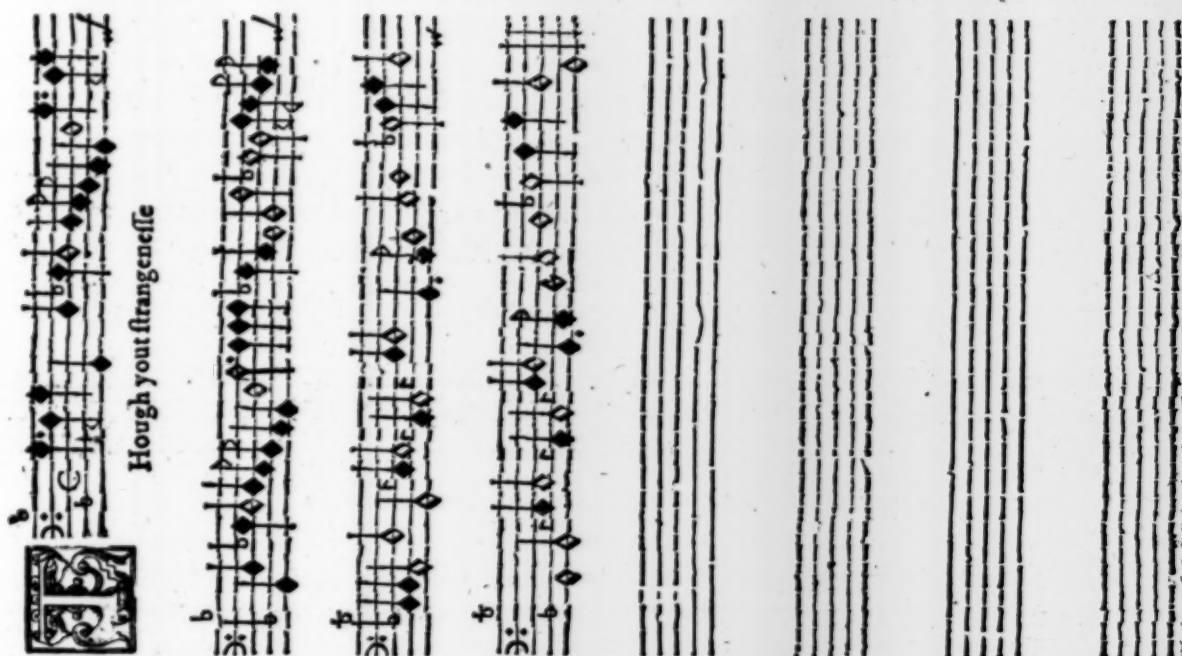


2 When your wisht fight I desire,  
 Suspicion you pretend,  
 Canstesse you your selfe retire,  
 Whilst I in vaine attend,  
 Thus a louer as you say,  
 Still made more eager by delay,  
 Is this faire excusing,  
 O no, all is abusing.

3 When another holds your hand,  
 Youle sweare I hold your heart,  
 Whilst my riual close doth stand,  
 And I sit farre apart,  
 I am neerer yet then they,  
 Hid in your bosome as you say,  
 Is this faire excusing,  
 O no all is abusing.

4 Would a riual then I were,  
 Some else your secret friend,  
 So much lesser should I feare,  
 And not so much attend,  
 They enioy you euery one,  
 Yet must I seeme your friend alone,  
 Is this faire excusing,  
 O no all is abusing,

BASSVS.



ALTVS.





## CANTVS

## II.

ROBERT IONES



Sweete Kate of late ran away and left me playning,  
 A bide I cride or I die with thy dis dayning.

Te hee hee quoth shee gladly would I see any man to die with lo uing Neuer any yet died of such a

fitte: Neither haue I feare of pro uing?

fitte: Neither haue I feare of pro uing?

2 Vnkind,  
 I find,  
 Thy delight is in tormenting,  
 Abide,  
 I cride,  
 Or I die with thy consenting.  
 Te hee hee quoth shee,  
 Make no foole of me,  
 Men I know haue oathes at pleasure,  
 But their hopes attained,  
 They bewray they faind,  
 And their oathes are kept at leasure.

3 Her words  
 Like swords,  
 Cut my sorry heart in sunder,  
 Her floutes,  
 VVith doubts,  
 Kept my heart affections vnder.  
 Te hee hee quoth shee,  
 What a foole is he,  
 Stands in awe of once denying,  
 Cause I had inough,  
 To become more rough,  
 So I did, O happy trying.



BASSVS.

Wet Kate.

ALTVS.

Wet Kate of late, ranne away and left me playning, Hee hee hee quoth shee gladly  
 A bide I cride, or Idie with thy disdayning,

would I see, any man to die with louing: Neuer any yet, died of such a fitte, Neuer haue I feare of

proving.

## CANTVS.

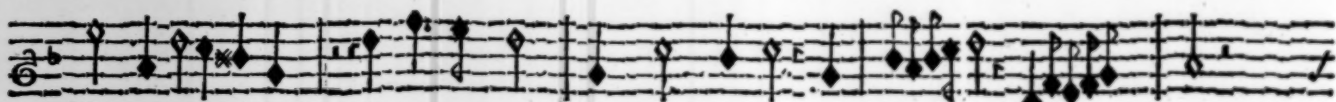
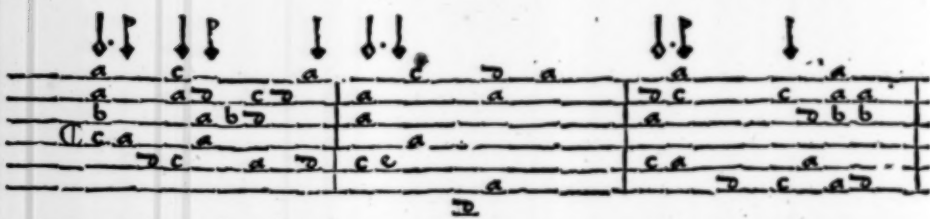
## III.

ROBERT IONES.



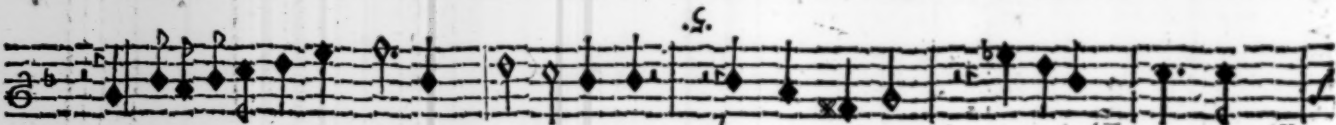
Nee did I serue a cruell

hart with faith vn-



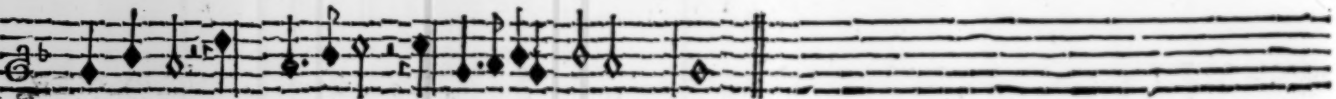
fainde I still importune her piercing lookes that wrought my smart, she laughs .ii,

.iii.



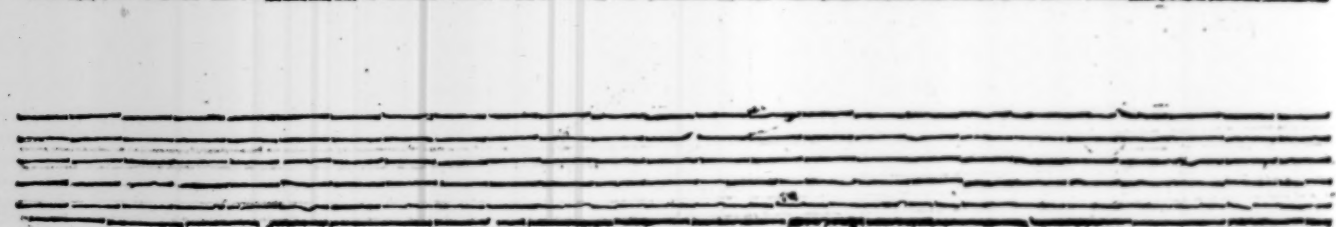
and smiles at my misfortune and sayes perhaps .ii,

you



may at last by true desert, .ii.

loues fauour taste.



BASSVS.



ALTVS.



Nce did Iferue a cruell heart, once .ii.

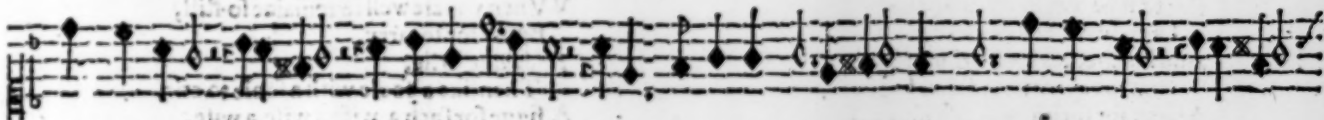
with faith vnfainde, I still importune her smiling



lookes that wrought my smart, my smart, Shee laughs .ii.

.ii.

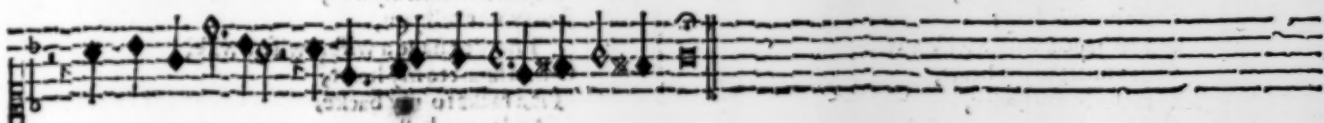
smiles at my misfortune,



and sayes perhaps .ii.

you may at last, at last by true desert loue fa-

uour taste and saies, perhaps .ii.



you may at last at last by true desert loues fa-

uour taste.



## CANTVS.

## IIII.

ROBERT IONES.



Ill faide to his manny that hee would goe woo, faine would he  
Soft while my lammy stay, and yet a- bide, hee like a

wed but he wot not who  
foole as he was replide,

In faith chil haue a wife .ii. .ti. Ow what a

life do I lead for a wife in my bed I may not tell you, O there to haue a wife .ii. .ii. O tis a

smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

Smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

Smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

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Smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

Smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

2  
Scarcely was hee wedded,  
Full a fortnights space,  
But that he was in a heauie case,  
Largely was he headed,  
And his cheekes lookt thinne:  
And to repent he did thus beginne;  
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,  
O what a life doe I lead,  
With a wife in my bedde,  
I may not tell you:  
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,  
O tis a smart to my heart,  
Tis a racke to my backe,  
And to my belly.

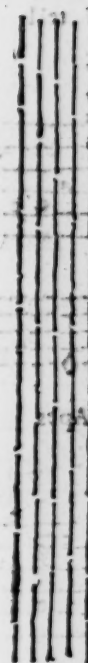
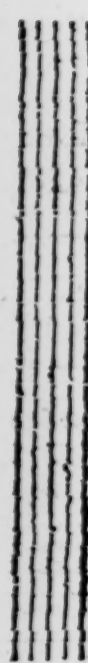
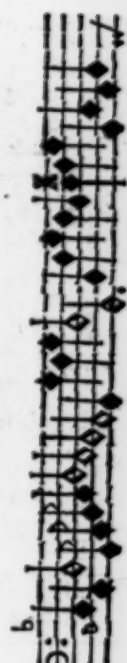
3  
All you that are Batchelers,  
Be learnd by crying will,  
VWhen you are well to remaine so still,  
Better for to tarry,  
And alone to lie,  
Then like a foole with a foole to crie;  
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,  
O what a life doe I leade,  
VWith a wife in my bed,  
I may not tell you,  
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,  
O tis a smart to my heart,  
Tis a racke to my backe,  
And to my belly.



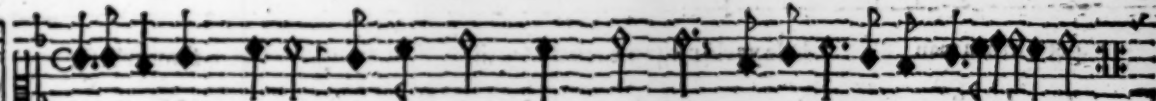
BASS V.S.



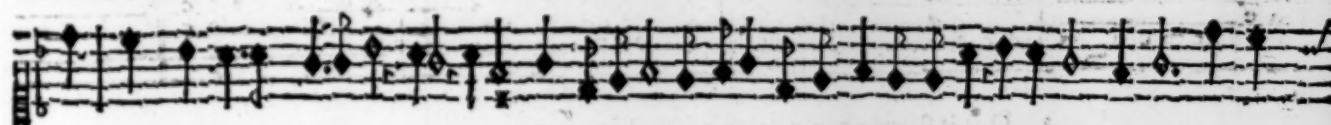
Ill faide to his Mammy.



ALT V.S.



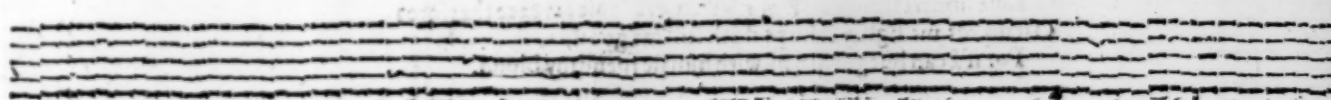
Ill faide to his mammy that hee woulde goe woo, faine would he wed but hee wot not who  
Soft a while my lammy stay, and yet a-bide, hee like a foole as he was replide,



In faith chil haue a wife .ii. .ii. O what a life doe I lead for a wife in my bed, I may not tell you, O there



to haue a wife a wife, .ii. .ii. O tis a smart to my heart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.



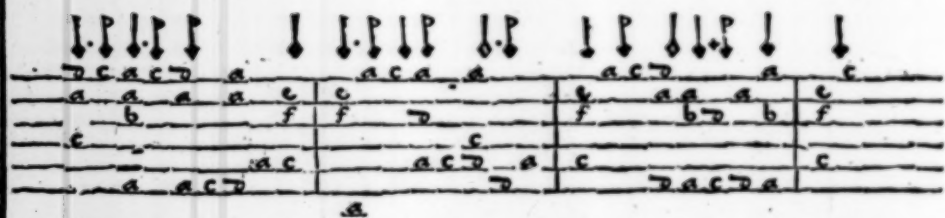
## CANTVS

## V.

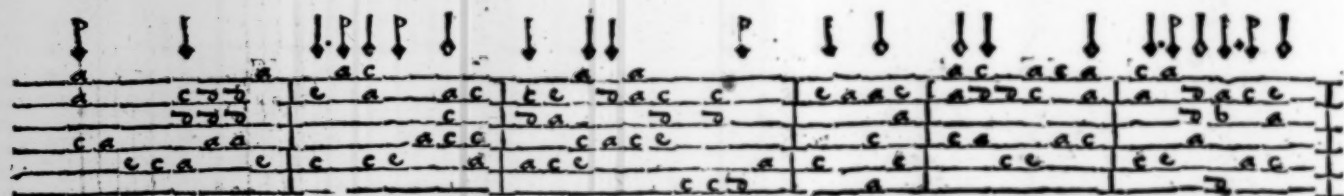
ROBERT IONES



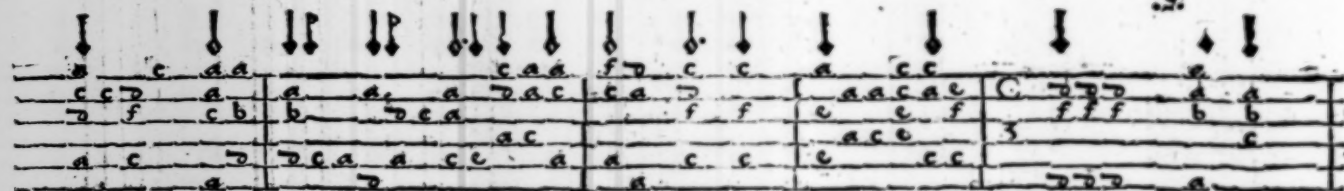
Arke harke wotyeewhat.ii. nay faith and shall



I tell I am a fraide .iii. to die, to die to die a maid and then lead



Apes in hell O it makes me figh figh .ii. .ii. &amp; sob with inward grieve, but if I can but



get a man a man hee yeeld me some reliefe .iii. some reliefe.



2 O it is strange how nature works with me,  
My body is spent and I lament mine owne great folly,  
O it makes me figh and powre forth flouds of teares,  
Alas poore else none but thy selfe would liue, hauing such cares

3 O now I see that fortune frownes on me  
By this good light I haue beene ripe,  
O it makes me figh and sure it will me kill,  
When I should sleepe I lie and weepe, feeding on sorrowes still.

4 I must confesse as maides haue vertue store,  
Liue honest still against our wils, more fooles we are therefore!  
O it makes me figh, yet hope doth still me good,  
For if I can but get a man, with him ile spend my blood.

BASSVS.

Arke wot you what.

ALTUS.

Arke, harke wot you what .ii. nay faith and shall I tell I am afraide afraide, I .ii. .ii.

to die to dle, I am afraide to dis a maid, and so leade Apes in hell, Oh it makes me sigh, sigh, .ii. .ii. and sob with

inward grieve, but if I cau but get a man, heele yeelde me some reliefe, .ii. heele yeeld me some reliefe, |



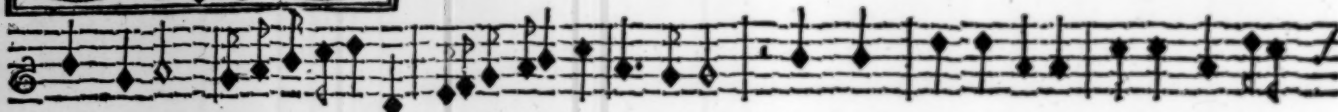
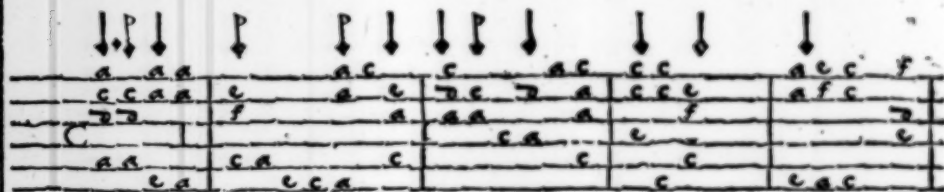
## CANTVS

## V I.

ROBERT IONES



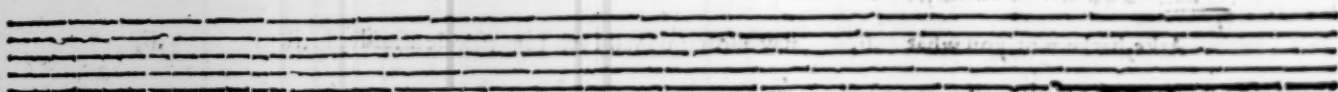
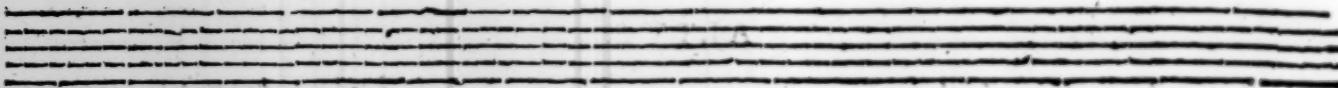
Ycomplayning is but faining, allmyloue is but iniest, fa, la, la, fa, la, la,



fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa la, la, la, And my Courting is but sporting in most



shewing meaning, least fa la la .ii. .ii. .ii, fa la fa la la la fa la la la



2

Outward fadnesse inward gladnesse,  
 Representeth in my mind, fa la la,  
 In most faining most obtaining.  
 Such good faith in loue I find. fa la la.

3

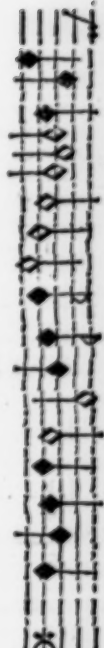
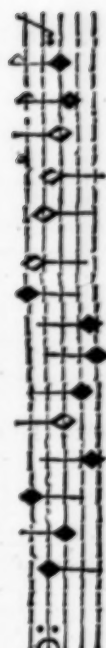
Towards Ladies this my trade is,  
 Two minds in one breast I were, fa la la,  
 And my measure at my pleasure,  
 Ice and flame my face doth beare. Fa la la,



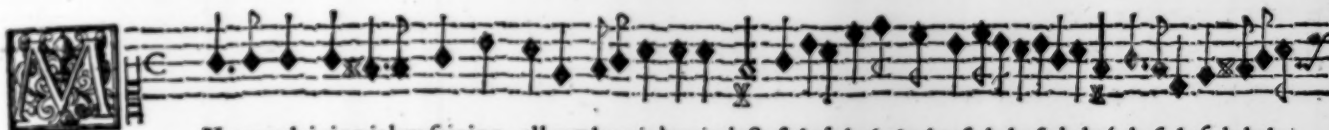
BASSVS.



Y complaining.



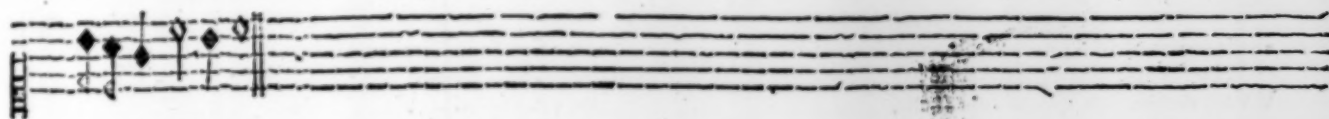
ALTVS.



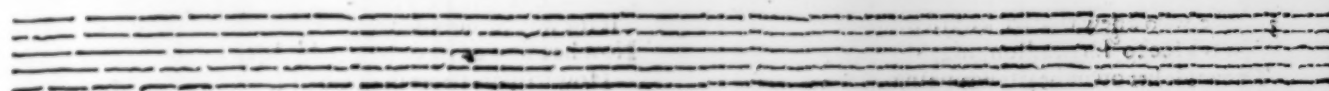
Y complaining is but faining, all my loue is but in icst, fa la fa la fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la



la la. And my courting is but sporting in most shewing meaning, leaſt fa la la .ii. .ii. .ii. fa la la



la la la fa la la.





N a time in summer . season, locky late with Ienny walking like a lout

made lout with talking, when he should be doing, Reason still he cries, when he should dally, dally dally,

dally .ii. when he should dally, Ienny sweet Ienny sweet shall I .ii.

sweet Ienny sweet shall I shall I, shall I.

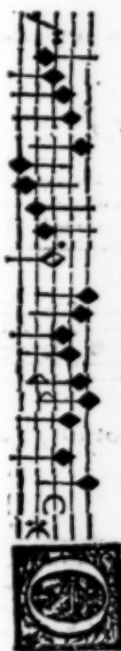
3 Ienny as most women vse it,  
 Who say nay when they would haue it,  
 With a bolde face seemed to trauel it,  
 With a faint looke did refuse it,  
 Iocky lost his time to dally,  
 Still he cries, (sweete shall I, shall I.

3 She who knew that backward dealing,  
 was a foe to forward longing,  
 To auoide her owne hearts wronging,

with a sigh loues sute renewing.  
 Said locky sweet when you would dally,  
 Doe you cry sweet, shall I shall I.

4 Iocky knew by her replying,  
 That a no is I in wooing,  
 That an asking without doing,  
 Is the way to loues denying.  
 Now he knowes when he would dally  
 How to spare sweet shall I shall I.

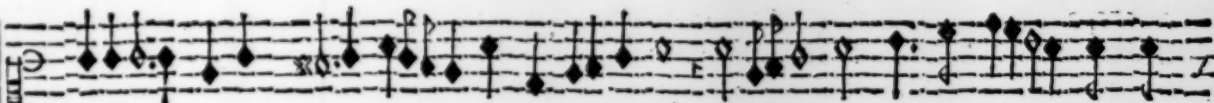
BASSVS.



Na time in summers season.



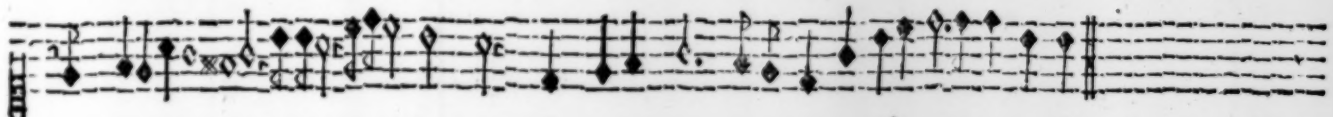
ALTVS.



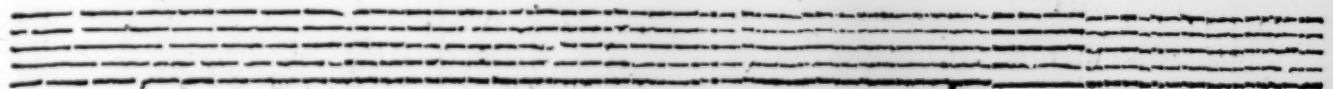
Na time in summers season, Iocky late with Ienny walking, like a lout made leue with talking, when he



should be doing, Reason still he cries, when he should dally, dally .ii. .ii. when he should dally, .ii. .ii. when he



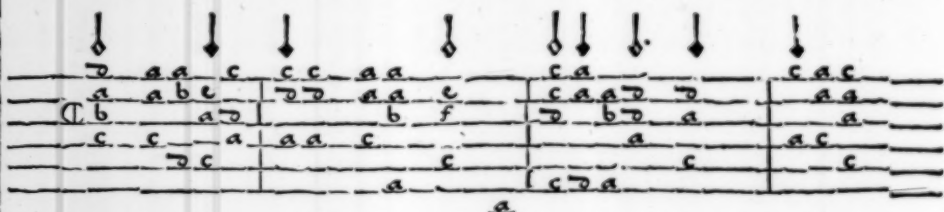
should dally, Ienny sweet .ii. sweet sweet sweet Ienny, sweet shall I, shall I Ienny .ii. shall I.





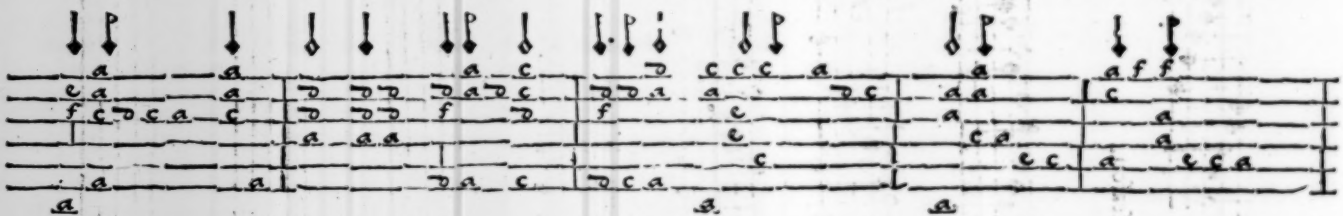


Arewell fond youth, if thou hadst not bin blind out of my eye thou mightst haue read



my minde,

but now I plainly see how thou wouldst faine leaue me; sure I was a curst, not to goe at first



sure I was a curst O fie fie no, sweete

stay & I will tell thee why no, sure I was accurst not to goe at



first, sure I was ac

curst O fie

fie no,

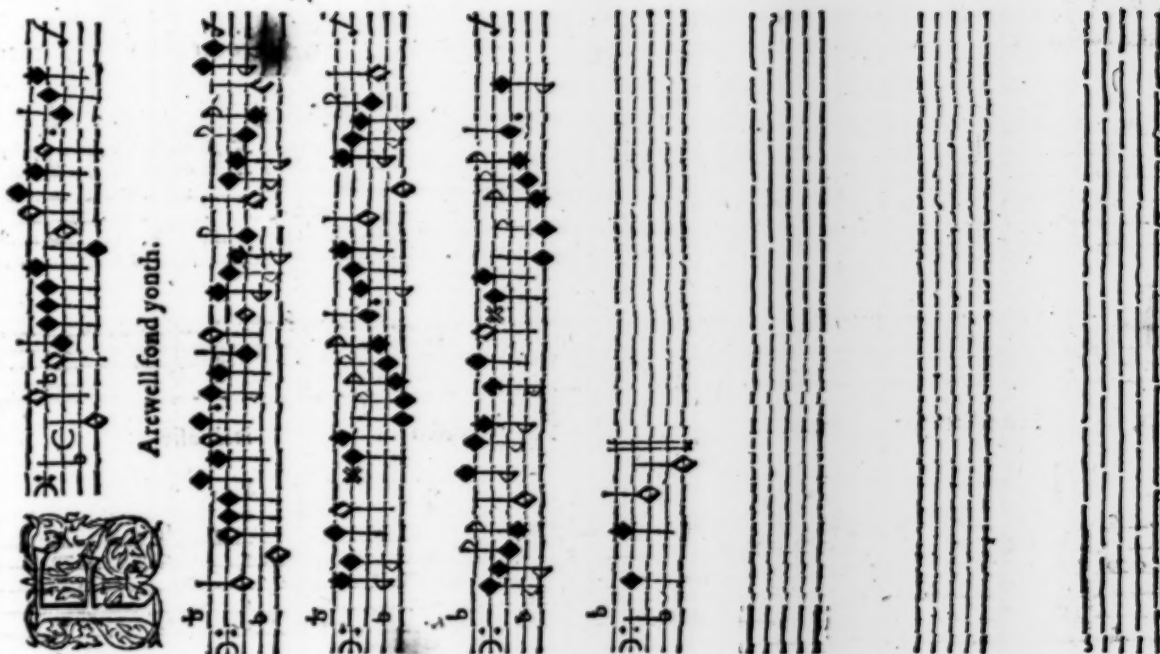
sweet stay and I will tell thee why no.



2  
Once more farewell, since first I heard thee speake,  
And had but sung farewell, my heart would breake,  
But now since I doe find thy loue is like the wind,  
What a foole was I  
To belike to die.  
What a foole was I, I was not,  
Yet say I was a foole I passe not.

3  
Woes me alas, why did I let him goe,  
These be the fruites of idle saying no,  
Now that he can disproue me, how shall he euer loue me,  
Nay but is he gone,  
Then I am vndone,  
Nay but is he gone, O hold him,  
Fie, forty things are yet vnt old him

BASSVS.



ALTVS.

A musical score for Altus (ALTVS.) consisting of four staves. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'F' and the text 'Arewell fond youth if thou hadst not beene blind, out of mine eyes thou mightst haue read my mind,' below it. The subsequent staves contain musical notation, including notes, rests, and bar lines, with some staves showing a change in key signature (indicated by a sharp sign).

Arewell fond youth if thou hadst not beene blind, out of mine eyes thou mightst haue read my mind,

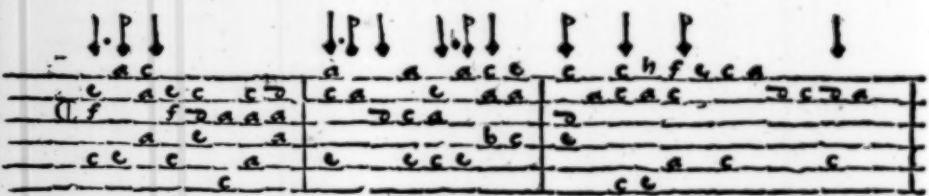
but now I plainly see how thou wouldst faine leaue me, sure I was accurst not to goe at first, sure I was accurst, O fie

fie, fie, no sweet stay and I will tell thee, why no, sure I was accurst not to goe at first, sure I was accurst, O fie no, sweet

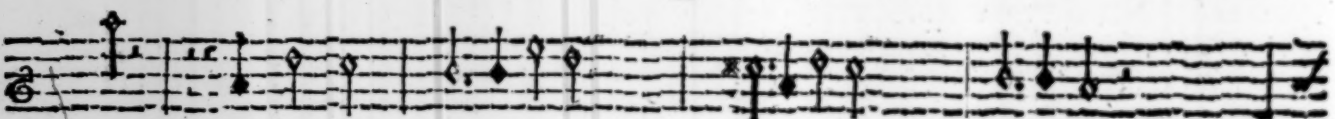
stay and I will tell thee why no,



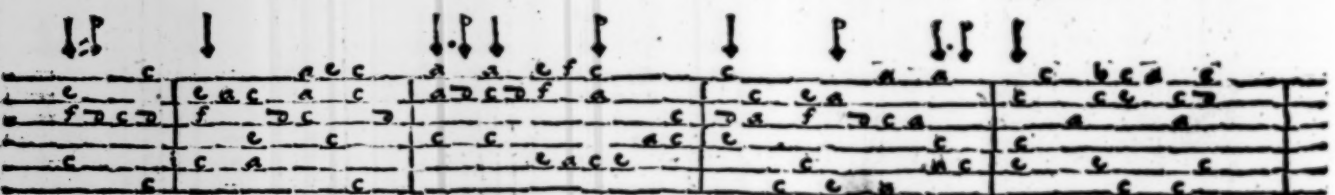
Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue but  
The way by pen or tong I dare not proue their



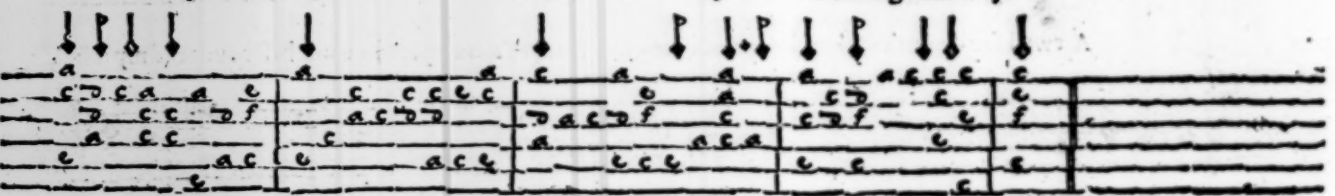
hide but hide it from all eyes save my loues eyes: Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are  
drifts their drifts are oft discovered by the wise,



spies, Then whats the way to copen icaloufie



which martyrs loue, .ii. by marking narrowly.



2 By all these wayes may thy affections walke,  
VVithout suspition of the zealous garde:  
Thy whispering tong to her close eare shall talke,  
And be importunate till it be harde,  
Papers shall passe lookes shall not be debarde,  
To looke for loues young infants in her eyes,  
Be franke and bold as she is kind and wise.

3 O who can be so francke as she is kind;  
VVhose kindnesse merites more then Monarchies,  
Boldnesse with her milde grace, grace cannot find,  
Onely her wit ouer that doth tyrannize,  
Then let her worth and thy loue sympathize,  
Sith her worth to thy loue cannot be knowae,  
Nor thy loue to her worthinesse be showae.



BASSVS.

Ow should I shew .ii. my loue vnto my  
The way by pen .ii. or tong I daren

loue vnto my loue but hide but hide it from all eyes saue  
proue .ii. their drifts their .ii. are oft discovered

my loues eyes Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are  
by the wife,

spies, are spies, then whats the way to cosen-icalousie,  
to .ii. which martyrs loue .ii. .ii.

.ii. by marking narrowly.

ALTVS.

Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue vn- .ii. but hide it from all eyes saue my loues eyes,  
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue .ii. their drifts are oft discovered by the wife,

Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, then whats the way, .ii. whats the way, then whats .ii. .ii.

to cosen icalousie, which martyrs loue .ii. .ii. by marking narrowly,

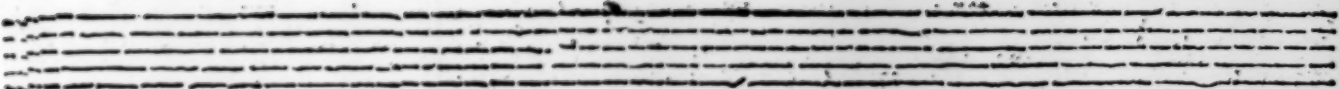


He is gone, O he is gone

O he is gone and I am here aye meaye me why are wee thus deni-  
ded, My sight in his eyes, did appeare my soule .ii. .ii. by his soules  
thought was guided then come againe .ii. .ii. my all my life, my be-  
ing, soules, zeale, harts ioy, eares gester, eyes onely seeing.

2 Come fable care seafe on my heart,  
Take vp the roomes that ioyes once filled;  
Natures sweet blisse is slaine by Art,  
A fence blacke frost liues spring hath killed  
Then come againe, my loue, my deere, my treasure,  
My blisse, my fate, my end, my hopes full measure.





then come againe my all my life, being, foule, zeale, harts ioy, cares guest, eyes onely seeing, onely seeing.

deuided, my sight by his foules thought was guided did appeare my soule. ii. by his foules thought was guided

O he is gone, and I am here. ii. I am O. ii. ah me. ii. why are we thus

TENOR.

BASSVS.

He is gone, ii. and I am here O. ii. is gone and I am here, aye me, aye me, why are we thus deu- ded, my sight in his eyes did appeare, did appeare, my soule. ii. by his foules thought was guided, then come againe, O then. ii. my al my life, my being, foules, zeale, harts ioy, cares guest, eyes onely seeing.

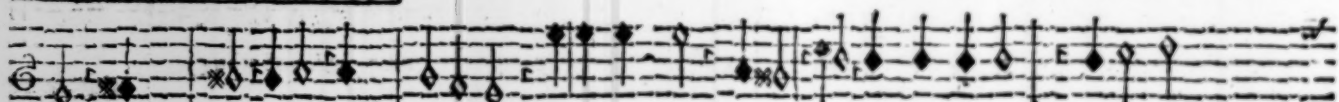
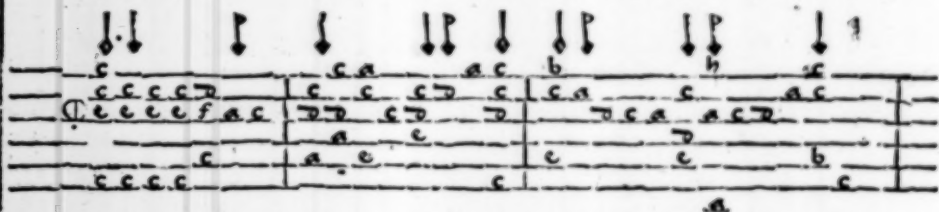
ALTVS.

He is gone, ii. and I am here, O. ii. he is gone, O hee. ii. ah me, ah me, why are we thus deuided, my sight in his eyes did appeare, did ap- peare, my soule, ii. by his foules thought was guided, then come againe. ii. my all my life, my being, foule, zeale, harts ioy, cares guest eyes onely seeing,

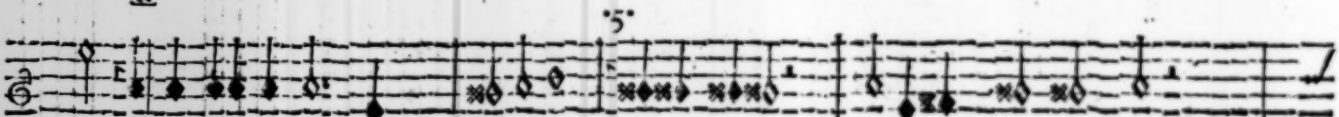
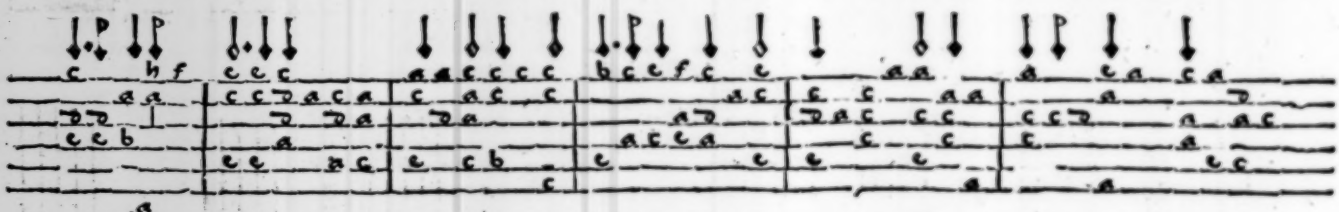




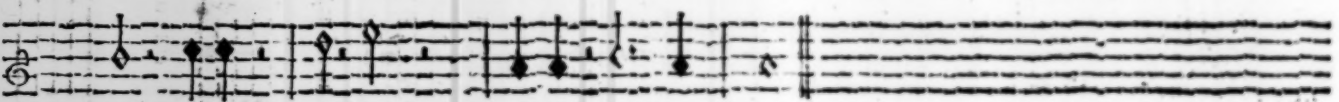
Ndis it night, are they thine eyes that shine, are we a-



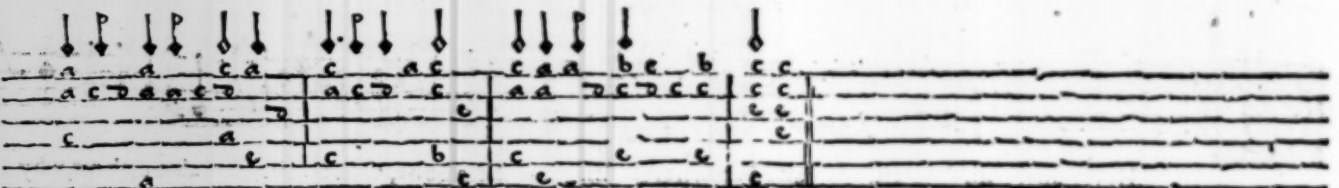
lone and here and here and here alone may I come neere may I. ii. but touch, ii. but touch thy



shrine is Ielbusie a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods no more, silence my lippes with thine,



lippes kisses Ioyes haue blessings most di uine.



O come my deare our griefes are turnde to night,  
And night to ioyes, night blinds pale enuies eyes,  
Silence and sleepe prepare vs our delight,  
O ease we then our woes, our griefes, our cries,  
O vanish words, words doe but passions moue,  
O deere life, ioyes sweet, O sweetest loue.

BASSVS.



Nd is it night, are they thine eyes that shine,



Are we alone and here alone, and here a lone; may



I come neere may I but touch .ii. thy shrine, is



iealousie a sleepe, and is he gone: O Gods no more,



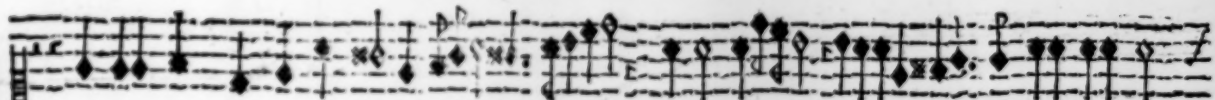
silence my lips with thine with thine lips, kisses, ioyes,



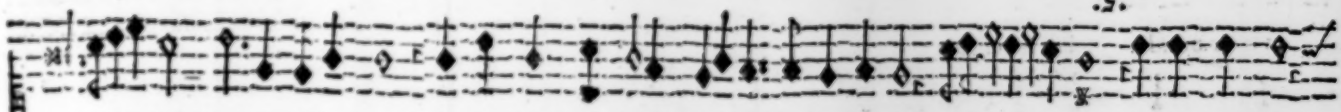
hap, O blessing most diuine,



ALTVS.



Nd is it night, are they thy eyes that shine that shine, are wee alone .ii. and here alone .ii.

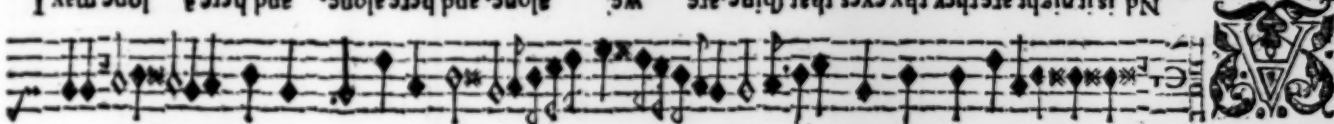


may I come neere, may I but touch, but touch but touch thy shrine, Is iealousie a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods no more



silence my lips with thine lips, kisses, ioyes, happe, blessing most diuine.

TENOR.



Nd is it night are they thy eyes that shine, are we alone, and here alone, and here a lone may I



come neere, may I, but touch and touch .ii. thy shrine is iealousie a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods



no more, silence my lips with thine, lips, kisses, ioyes, happe, blessing most diuine.



## CANT VS.

## XII.

ROBERT IONES



He hath an eye ah me, ah me shee .ii.

an eye to see .ii. ah me that shee hath too which makes me sigh as

louers doe, hey hoe hey hoe hey hoe .ii. .ii. ah me

that an eye .ii. .ii. should make her live and mee to die, wife mens eyes are

in their mind but louers eyes are ever blind.

She hath a lippe, ah, ah alas,  
Two lippes which doe themselves surpasse,  
Alasse two lips for kisser,  
Of earthly loue the heavenly blisses,  
Alasse, oh woe that a heauen,  
Should make vs od that make all quen,  
Ladies kisses are a charme,  
That kill vs ere they doe vs harme.

She hath a heart ah me, ah me,  
A heart she hath which none can see,  
Ah me that I haue none,  
Which makes me sigh, yea sighing grone,  
Hey hoe ayeme that I part,  
And liue, yet leaue wich her my heart,  
Hartlesse men may liue by loue,  
This she doth know, and this I proue,



but louers eyes are neuer blind.

ho alas, that an eye should make her liue, and me to die, should .ii.

.ii. which makes me sigh as louers doe .ii. as louers doe, with hey hoe .ii. with hey

He hath an eye .ii. aye me, aye me, he hath an eye .ii. an eye to see .ii. aye me, that he hath two

TENOR

BASSVS.

He hath an eye .ii. ah me, .ii.

she hath an eye, an eye to see, shee .ii. ah me, that

she hath too, which makes me sigh as louers doe, to sigh as

louers doe, with hey hoe, with hey hoe hey hoe,

.ii. hey ho, O that an eye should make her liue and

me to die, Ladies kisses are a charme,

.ii. that kill vs ere they doe vs harme.

ALTVS.

He hath an eye, hath an eye, ah me, ah me she .ii. to see an eye, to see ah me, that she

hath too, which makes me sigh as louers doe, as .ii. .ii. hey hoe, hey hoe, hey hoe, aye me, aye me, that an eye

that an eye .ii. .ii. should make her liue and me to die, .ii. Ladies kisses are a charme .ii. that kill

vs ere they doe vs harme.



Know not what .ii. yet that I

feele is much, it came I know not when, it was not euer yet

hurres I know not how, yet is it such as I am pleasd .ii. .ii. though

it be cured neuer .s. It is a wound .ii. that wasteth

still in woe and yet I would not, that it were not so,

2 Pleasde with a thought that enderth with a figh,  
 Sometimes I smile when teares stand in my eyes,  
 Yet then and there fith sweet contentment lieth,  
 Both when and where my sweet fower torment lies,  
 O out alas, I cannot long endure it,  
 And yet alas I care not when I cure it.

3 But well away, me thinks I am not free,  
 That wonted was these fits as foule to scorne.  
 One and the same, euen so I seeme to be,  
 As lost I liue, yet of my selfe forlorne,  
 What may this be that thus my mind doth moue,  
 Alasse I feare, God shiold it be not loue,



never .ii.  
 it is a wound that wasteth still in woe, & yet I would not that it were not so.  
 not when, it was not cured, it hurts I know now how it is, it is such yet as I am pleased, .ii. though it be cured  
 Know not with .ii. yet that I feele is much, is much, it came I know

TENOR.

BASSVS.  
 Know not what .ii. yet that I  
 feele is much .ii. it came I know not when .ii.  
 it was not cured it hurts, I know no how, yet is it  
 such, .ii. as I am pleased though it be cured  
 though .ii. never, it is a wound .ii. that wasteth  
 still in woe and yet I would not that it  
 were not so.

ALTVS.

Know not what .ii. yet that I feele is much, it came I know not when, I know not  
 when .ii. it came I know not when .ii. yet is it such, .ii. as I am pleased .ii. .ii.  
 though it be cured, never .ii. it is a wound .ii. that wasteth still in woe, & yet I would  
 not that it were not so.





Riefe, grieke of my best loues absentings: Now O now wilt thou af-

sayle mee I had rather life should sayle mee then endure thy slow toy menting,

life our griefes and vs doe seuer once for euer absence griefe haue no relenting.

2

Well, be it foule absence spights me;  
 So far of it cannot send her,  
 As my heart should not attend her.  
 O how this thoughts thought delights me  
 Absence doe thy worst and spare not,  
 Know I care not  
 When thou wrongst me, my thoughts right me.

3

O but such thoughts proue illusions,  
 Shadowes of a substance banisht,  
 Dreames of pleasure too soone vanisht,  
 Reasons maimde of their conclusions,  
 Then since thoughts and all deceiue me,  
 O life leaue me,  
 End of life ends loues confusions.

Riefe grieke, of my best loues absenting, Now O now wilt thou assaile me, I had rather life  
 should sayle me then endure thy flow tormenting, life our griefes and vs doe seuer once for euer, Absence, grieke  
 haue no relenting.

TENOR

BASSVS.

Riefe grieke of my best loues absenting

Now O now wilt thou assaile me, I had rather life should

sayle me, then endure thy flow tormenting: Life

our griefes and vs doe seuer, once, for euer ab.

sence grieke haue no relenting.

ALTVS.

Riefe, grieke of my best loues absenting, Now O now wilt thou assaile me, I had rather life should

sayle, me then endure thy flow tormenting. life our grieke and vs doe seuer, doe seuer, once for euer, absence

griefes haue no relenting.





In this flesh where thou in drencht dost lie  
 poore soule thou canst reare vp .ii.  
 thy limed wings, carry my thought  
 vp to the sacred skie .ii.  
 and wash them in those heauenly hallowed springs, where ioy and requi-  
 um & requiem The holy Angels sing whilst all heauens vault .ii.  
 with blessed Echoes  
 .ii. .ii. .ii. blessed Echoes rings.

2 Awaked with this harmony diuine,  
 O how my soule mounts vp her throned head,  
 And giues again with native glory shine,  
 Wash with repentance then thy dayes missed,  
 Then ioyes with requiem mayest thou with Angels sing;  
 Whilst all heauens vault with blessed Echoes ring.



BASSVS.

**F** in this flesh .ii. where thou in-  
drencht dost lie, poore soule thou canst reare vp thou  
.ii. thy limed wings, carry my thoughts vp to vp  
to the sacred skie, .ii. and wash them in those  
heauenly hallowed springs, where ioy and requiem and  
.iii. the holy Angels sing, whilst all heauens vault  
.iii. with blessed Echoes rings. .ii. rings.

ALTVS.

**F** in the flesh where thou indrencht dost lie poore soule, poore soule, shou canst reare vp thy limed .ii. wings  
thou canst .ii. wings carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skies, vp to .ii. and wash them in those heau-  
ly hallowed springs, where ioyes & requiem and requiem the holy angels sing, the .ii. whilst all heauens vault  
.ii. .ii. with blessed Echoe, .ii. .ii. with blessed Echoes Ring.

TENOR.

**F** in the flesh the flesh, If in .ii. thou dost lie poore soule. thou canst reare vp thou .iii.  
carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skie, vp .ii. and wash them in those heauenly hallowed springs  
where ioy and requiem .ii. the holy Angels sing, whilst all heauens vault .ii. with blessed  
Echoe .ii. ring Echoes ring.



Thred of life when thou art spēt how are my sorrowes eased.  
O vaile of flesh whē thou art rent how shal my soule be pleased:

O earth why tremblest



thou at death that did re ceive both heate and breath by bargain of a second birth, that done .ii., that done again to



be cold earth, Come death .ii. .ii. deere widwife to my life, see sin and ver tue holde at strife,



Make hast a way lest thy decay .ii. bee my decay world of in anity



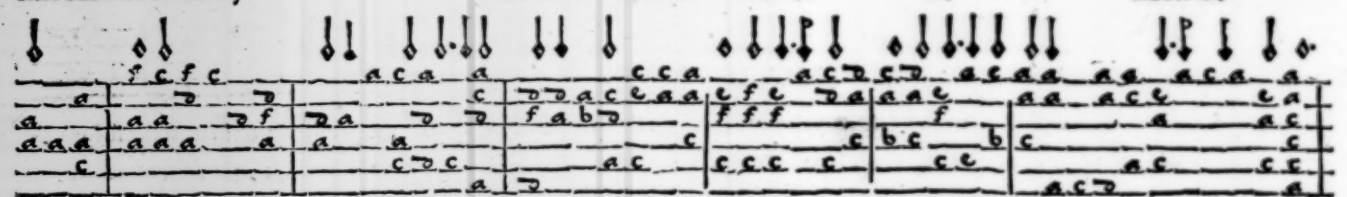
schoolhouse of vanity

minion of hell fare

well .ii.

.ii.

farewell,



O coward life whose feare doth tie me in distasting fences,  
Infused part mount vp on hie, life gets on life offences,  
O flie immortall flie away,  
Be not immurde in finite clay,  
Where true loue doth with selfe loue fight,  
Begetting thoughts that doe affright,  
Courage faint heart, sound trumpet death,  
He find it wind with all my breath.

O case of glasse,  
Confusions masse,  
A flourishing grasse,  
Temple of treachery,  
Soule yoalet o misery,  
Store-house of hell  
Farewell, farewell.



BSASVS.



Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my  
O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shal my



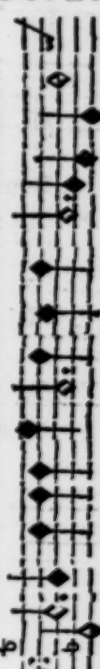
sorrows eased, O earth why trem- blest thou at death  
soule be pleased,



that did receiue both heat & breath, by bargain of a second



birth, that done, ii. again to be cold earth, come death, ii



ii. decre midwife to my life, see sinne & vertue hold at strife,



Make hast away lest thy delay, ii. be my decay



world of inanity, schoole-house of vanity, O minion of hell



farewell, ii. minion of hel farewell, farewell, well.

ALTUS.

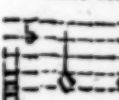


Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my sorrows eased,  
O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shall my soule be pleased:

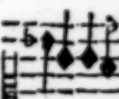
O earth why trem- blest thou at death,



that did receiue both heate and breath, by bargain of a second birth, that done, ii. again ii.



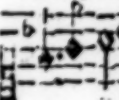
come death, ii. decre midwife to my life, see sin and vertue hold at strife, make hast away, lest thy delay ii.



be my de- cay, world of inanity, anity, ii.

school-house of vanity, ii.

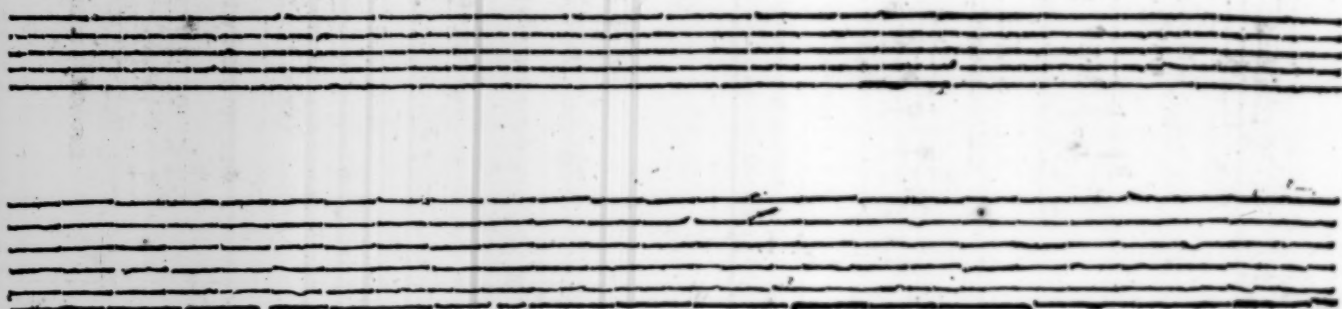
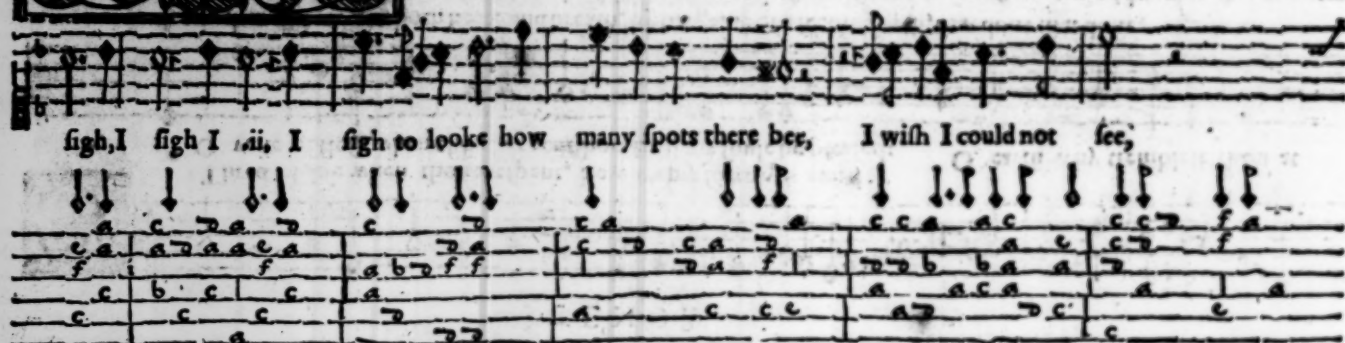
minion of hell farewell



ii. farewell, fare well,

Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my sorrows eased:  
O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shall my soule be pleased:  
O earth why tremblest thou at  
death, that did receiue both heat and breath, by bargain of a second birth, that done that done, again to  
be cold earth, Come death ii. deare midwife to my life, see sinne and vertue hold at strife, make hast a-  
way lest thy delay, ii. be my decay, de- cay, world of inanity, ii. school-house of vanity, minion of hell farewell, minion ii. farewell farewell ii.





2  
Mine eyes for refuge then with zeale befixe the skies,  
My teares doe cloude those eyes,  
My sighes doe blow them drie,  
And yet I liue to die,  
My selfe I cannot flie,

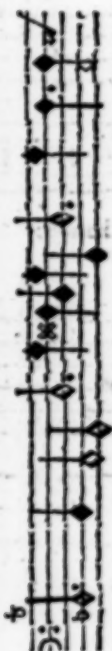
3  
Heauens I implore, that knowes my fault, what shall I doe,  
To hell I dare not goe,  
The world first made me rue,  
My selfe my griefes renew,  
To whome then shall I sue.

4  
Alasse, my soule doth faint to draw this doubtfull breath,  
Is there no hope in death,  
O yes, death ends my woes,  
Death me from me will lose,  
My selfe am all my foes,

B[us] S[ol]o A[ccompaniment] S[ol]o S[ol]o.



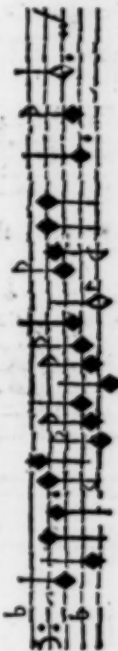
Hen I sit reading all alone, that secret



booke wherein I sigh, I sigh to looke, how many



spots there be there bee, I wish I could not see



I wish I could not see, or from my self might flee.

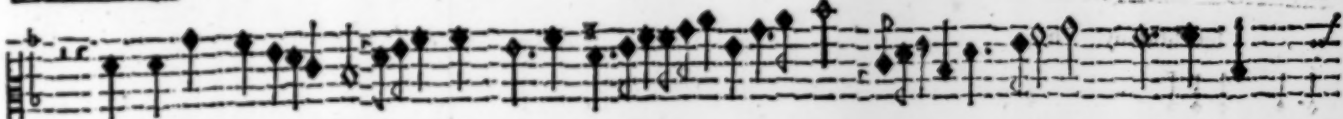


or from my self might flee.

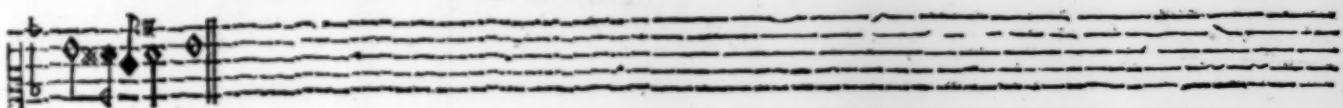
ALTVS.



Hen I sit reading all alone. that secret booke wherein I sigh, I sigh to looke to looke,



how many spots there be, I wish I could not see .ii. or from my selfe



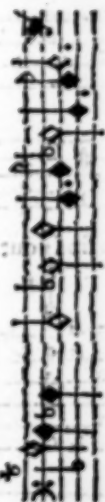
might flee.







VSASVS.



Ain wold I speake but feare to giue offence,



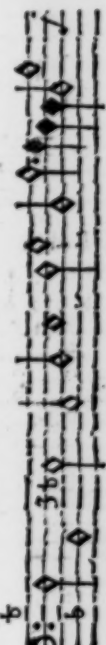
and in amazement stand



still breathing forth my woes in fruitlesse



silence, whilst my poore heart is slaine, is slaine by her



faire hand, Faire hand indeed the guiders of the



dart, the guider of the dart, that from her eyes

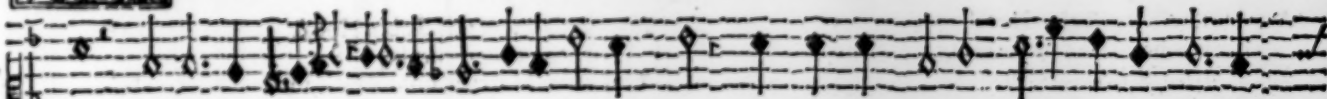


were leueld at my heart,

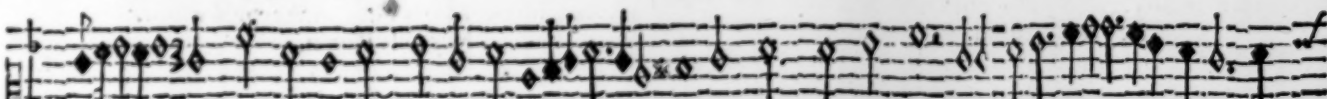
ALTVS.



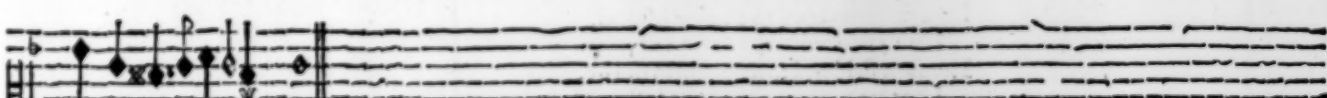
Aine would I speake, .ii. but feare to giue offence makes me retire, and in amazement



stand, still breathing forth, .ii. forth, whilst my poore heart is slaine by her faire hand, by

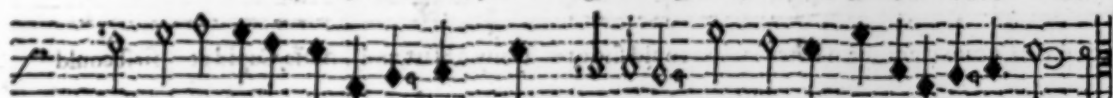


.ii. faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart that from her eyes, that .ii. were

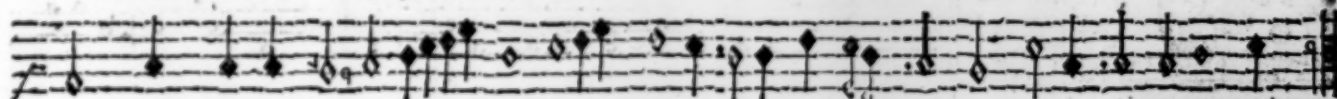


leueld at my heart,

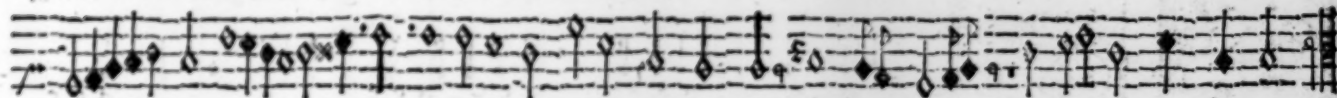
L



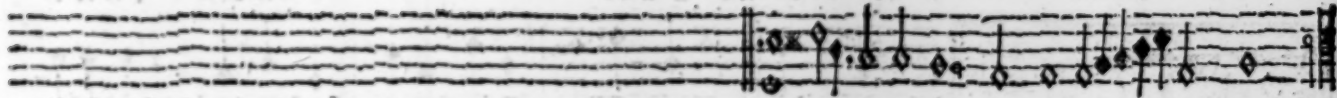
Ain would I speake but feare to giue offence, makes mee retire .ii.



and in amazement stand, still breathing forth .ii. my woes in fruitlesse silence whilst my poore heart



is slaine by her faire hand, by her faire hand Faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart, that from her



eyes, that .ii. were leueld at my heart.



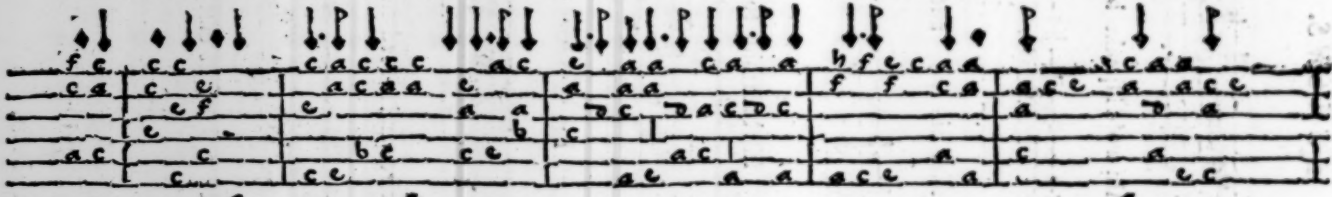
N Sherwood liude stout Robin Hood an Archer great none greater, His bow &



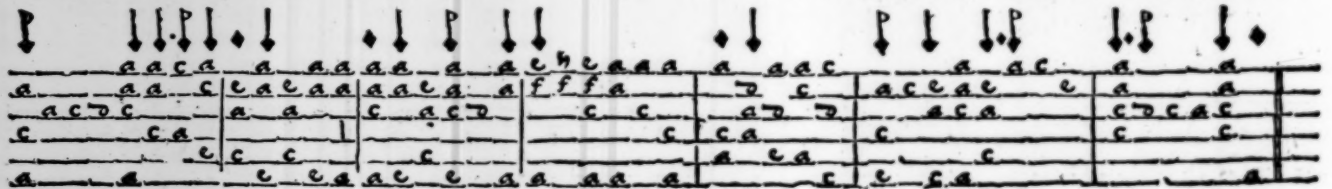
shafts were, sure & good, yet Cupids were much better Robin could shoot at many a Hart and misse, Cupid at first could



hit a hart of his, hey iolly Robin hoi iolly Robin, hey iolly Robin Hood, loue finds out



me as well as thee to follow mee. ii. ii. ii. to follow me to the green wood.



<sup>2</sup>  
A noble thiefe was Robin Hood,  
Wife was he could deceiue him,  
Yet Marrian in his brauest mood,  
Could of his heart bereaue him,  
No greater thiefe lies hidden vnder skies,  
then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.  
Hey iolly Robin.

<sup>3</sup>  
An Out-law was this Robin Hood,  
His life free and vnruely,  
Yet to faire Marrian bound he stood  
And loues debt payed her duely.  
Whom curbe of strickt law could not hold in,  
Loue with obeyednes and a winke could winne.  
Hey iolly Robin.

<sup>4</sup>  
Now wend we home stout Robin Hood  
Leaue we the woods behind vs,  
Loue passions must not be withstood,  
Loue euery where will find vs,  
I liude in field and towne, and so did he,  
I got me to the woods, loue followed me,  
Hey iolly Robin.

BASSVS.



N Sherwood.







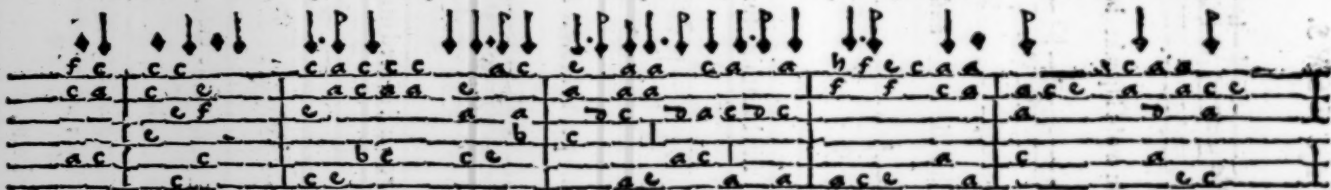
N Sherwood liude stout Robin Hood an Archer great none greater, His bow &



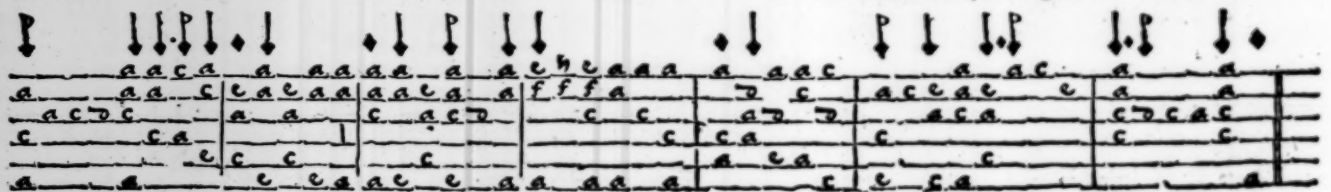
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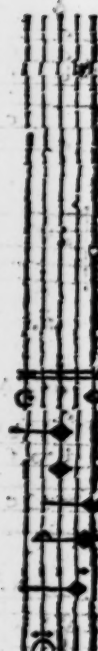
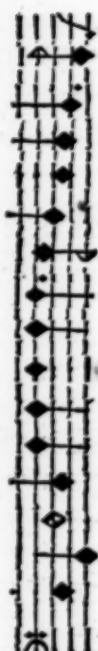
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Hey iolly Robin.

BASSVS.

N Sherwood.



CANTVS.

**X X.**

ROBERT IONES.



The image shows a page from a musical manuscript. On the left is a large, ornate initial 'L' decorated with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns. To the right of the initial is a musical score. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a stylized, handwritten font: "Te calds (of) pi ri all freddo core, Rompete". The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the melody. Below the lyrics, there are several lines of musical notation, including a bass staff and a line of notes with stems pointing downwards, likely representing a basso continuo or a second voice part. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and clefs.

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Il ghiaccio che pietà coontente e se preg. mortale al ci el s'in". The score is written on a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The lyrics are: "il ghiaccio che pietà coontente e se preg. mortale al ci el s'in". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "f" (forte). The handwriting is in a cursive style, typical of 18th or 19th-century manuscripts.

ten de morte il. Omer cè sia fine al mio do lore Morte



2V22A5

Op. 22, No. 2



BASSVS.

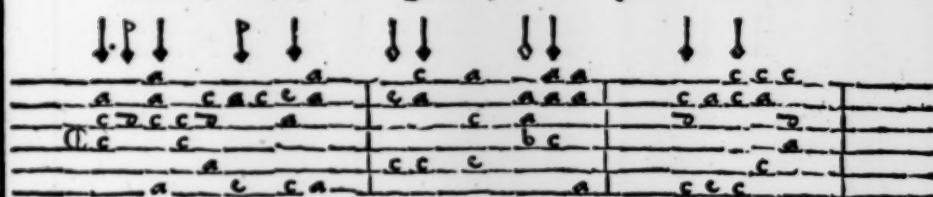


*Allegro non è che dunque.*

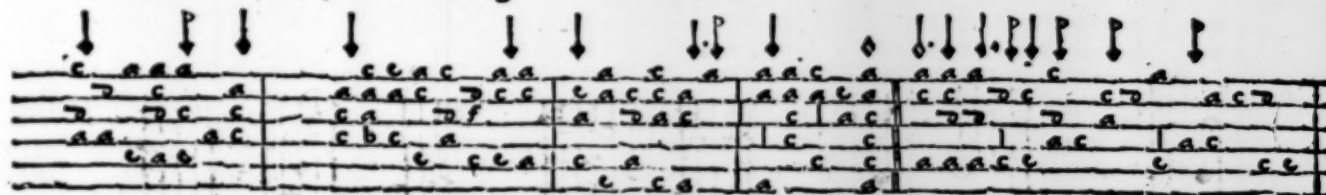




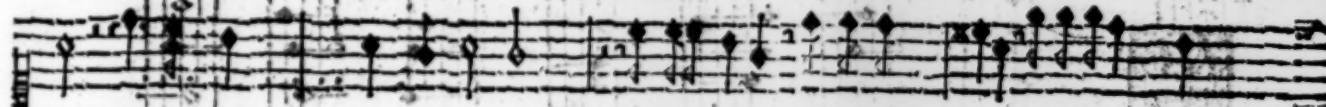
*Amor non è che dun que è quel sb'io sento?  
Se buona, on- de è effetto af- pro mortale?*



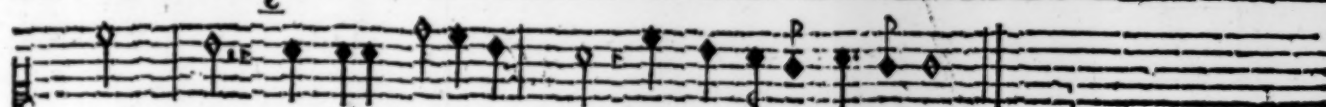
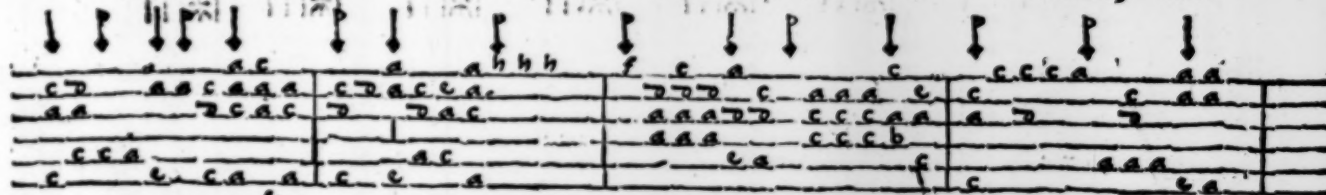
*Ma s' eg li è a mor, per dio che cosa è qua le? Sa' mi a vog li a. ar do  
Se ri a, on de è fi dolce og ni tor men sk?*



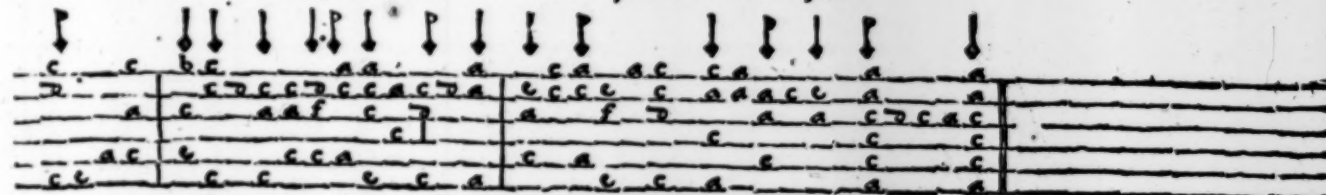
*on de è il pian to el lamento Sa' mal mi grado, il la men tar che va-*



*la il- O oia morte si. O diletto fe- ma-*



*le come puoi tanto in me fio no'l con sento.*



FINIS.



BASSVS.



*Tenore Sopra*

